

THE  
HISTORY

O F

Don *Politico Piscatori*:

O R,

The Political Fisherman.

Faithfully *Translated* from the Original Manuscript in the *Vatican* Library. And Humbly Inscrib'd to

C----- L---tt, Esq;

In Defence of the CHURCH and  
STATE against Whimsical Innovators.

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*Hæc mihi, Richlieus, Sapientum octavus, amico  
Arma dedit, posthac ne compellarer inultus.  
Dixerit Insanum qui me, totidem audiet, atq;  
Respicere ignoto discet Pendentia tergo.*

Horat. Sat. 3. Lib. 2.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for B. Bragg, at the Raven in Pater-noster-row, 1707.



## The Publisher to the Reader.

**I** Presume there are very few Gentlemen who have been conversant in Coffee-Houses but must have heard of a Person, who sets up for the Discovery of an Art, call'd Political Fortification, which, he says, was first invented in France by that great Engineer, Cardinal Richlieu: By the vertue of which, as this Discoverer pretends, that great Minister rais'd so considerable a Fortune for himself, and laid the Foundation of the future Grandeur of that Kingdom.

That, it is to the Rules of this great Art, which France owes its present Glory, and the Prospect of all which she has in Reversion.

That, the prodigious Encrease of her Naval Strength is due to the Principles of this Sublime Art.

That, in short, it is by this alone she has hitherto been so Victorious; that she has been able to extend her Conquests, not only in times of War, but in Peace also. For by vertue of this Art she can lay Siege to a Kingdom, tho' at the same time she appears to be in the strictest Alliance and Friendship with it.

This, tho' a melancholy Truth, it seems is our own Case: For this Discoverer roundly affirms, That, England is at this Moment under a Siege. And, That this Siege advances daily.

That, the French, by their Knowledge in this profound Art, have been many Years building a Bridge between Calais and Dover, which invisible Bridge is now above three parts finished.

Nay, Gentlemen you may laugh, but our Author bid me assure you, that this Discoverer will undertake to demonstrate the Truth of this Doctrine to any Gentleman who is willing to bestow a Thought on the Preservation of his Country.

I am farther Commission'd to tell you, That, this Gentleman is the first Man in England, who discover'd these important Truths, and that he values his Discovery at no less a Price than the Cumæan Sybil did her Oracles.

That, he has been ten Years endeavouring to convince the English Nation of the Truth of this Discovery, but his Reasons have been hitherto without Success; from whence he judiciously concludes, that the English Nation is stupidly Blind and Ignorant, since they cannot be prevail'd upon to acknowledge a Siege, which he has taken so much Pains to describe to them, which will appear more at large by the Plan hereunto annex'd, which, for the Reader's better satisfaction, is given him in the Discoverer's own Words, together with the Explanation and Design of it.

These Considerations have prevail'd with our Author to publish this short History of his ten Years War with Noise and Ignorance; by which he conceives, he has set the Discoverer's Thoughts in a true Light, and hopes they will not fail to convince all unprejudic'd Persons of the certainty of the Danger which the Kingdom is in; which if it does, the Author humbly hopes he shall be look'd upon as aiding and assisting, at least, in so great a Work. And makes no question but our Governors will shew themselves Men of true Sense and good Understanding, by countermining this French Fortification, breaking down this Political Bridge, and by raising this dangerous, tho' invisible Siege of the Nation.

Lastly, This Discoverer deposes, That until Political Fortification is better understood in this Kingdom, no Trade can be improv'd, no Fisheries can be rais'd,  
no

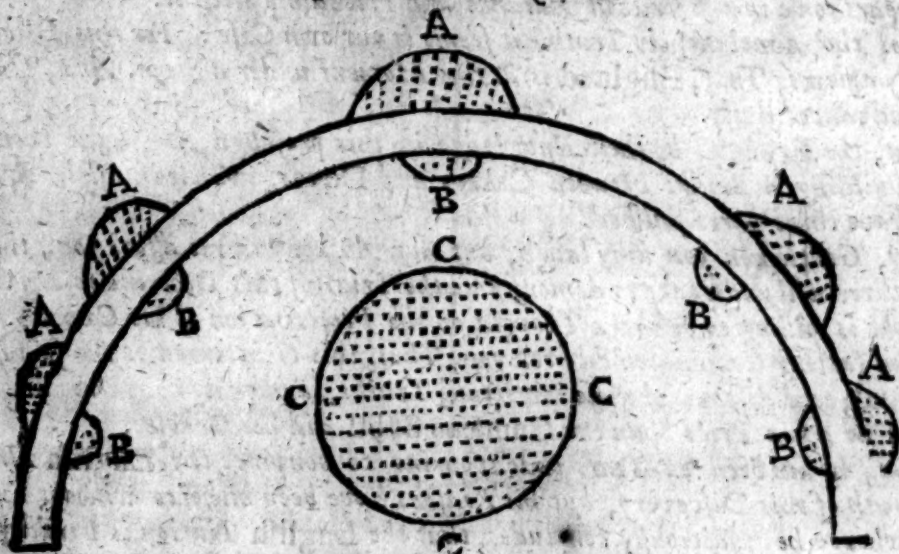


no Poor employ'd, no Naval Armies recruited, or Land Armies supported. And that, in short (as this Discoverer humbly conceives,) the Crown of England itself is not safe, from the Designs of this Politic French Nation.

These Considerations, if true, our Author says, are of the last Consequence to Great Britain, but he does not presume to determine so nice a Point: And especially since he has been assur'd, that the whole Project is intended to be laid before the Great Council of the Nation.

The Author therefore has only this Favour to ask of his Readers, That if this Discovery should not happen to be so important a Truth as is pretended, but upon Examination should appear nothing else but meer Chimera and Whim, that they will forgive him, since he has endeavour'd either to instruct or divert them at so small a Charge.

A Plan of the Siege of England and Scotland, contriv'd and carried on by that great Engineer Cardinal Richlieu.



The Explanation of the Plan.

- A. A. A. A. A. The Sea-Coasts of France, full of Men.
- B. B. B. B. B. The Sea-Coasts of England and Scotland thin of Men.
- C. C. C. C. The City of London and Edinborough and the Inland Country full of Men.

The Design of this Plan is to shew,

1. That the French King has march'd his People to the Sea-Coasts of France, and laid Siege to England and Scotland.
2. That this Siege has beat back the Out-guards of England and Scotland into the main Body.
3. That this Siege has made all the Parishes of England and Scotland complain of the encrease of their Poor.
4. That this Siege has sunk the Fisheries of England and Scotland, and will sink them more and more, unless a way can be found out to raise this Siege.
5. That this Siege has enabled the French King to raise a stronger Naval Army in 30 Years, than all the Kings of France in 300.
6. That this Naval Army will grow stronger and stronger, and ruin the Trade of England and Scotland, unless a way can be found out to raise this Siege.

Now if these Thoughts will awaken the Nobility, the Gentry, and the Trades-men of England and Scotland in this great Point, the Author has his the Mark he shot at, if not, Sat est in magnis voluisse.

C. L—tt.



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T H E  
H I S T O R Y

O F  
*Don Politica Piscatori :*

O R,  
The Political Fisherman.

C H A P. I.

**I**N a Village not far from Rome, there dwelt  
a Gentleman of good Natural Parts, but  
of a clouded and melancholy Disposition,  
who by indulging such a turn of Thoughts, and  
reading Books of Government and Politicks,  
began to refine upon them to that degree, that  
he imagin'd the State in which he liv'd, to be  
under a Siege, and to be in danger of being ir-

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recoverably Lost, without a particular application to a Romantic Study, which he pretended to be Master of, call'd *Political Fortification*. So, after some Months Confabulation with himself, and at every turn befooling his Butler and Chamber-maid, by which he judg'd he might strengthen himself in his Idea's, he went abroad in search of Adventures.

We shall not trouble our Reader with a tedious description of his own Garb, being to speak somewhat largely of that of his Horse's, so that it may be sufficient to say Don *Politico Piscatori*, seem'd to have taken the greatest care to furnish well his Head and his Pockets; the Cargo of the latter was, *Richlieu's* Politicial Will, *Mazarine's* Remains, *Nich. Machiaval's* Works, and *Sir Robert Filmer* of Government. His Helmet, which was the Furniture of the former, was politically plac'd in the inside of his Head, and was wrought by Imagination to an incredible hardness, and emboss'd with a Foliage of thirty thousand Maggots so exquisitely delineated by the Artist, that they seem'd to spew out a Political Ferment, which he pretended had the Power to transform a Mouse into an Elephant, and a Star into a Cow-Turd.

His Horse, which was a Political *Rosnante*, was richly adorn'd with Scrolls of Paper of his Master's own Scribbling; in one of which was plainly

plainly to be seen, Reasons shewing, *The Governour of Rome and his Council, a parcel of Piggs.* In another, that by long and elaborate Thinking, he cou'd prove a *Senator a Goose*, and *Vice Versa, a Goose a Senator.* In a third, he undertook to prove, by Mathematical Demonstration, *That Lawyers were Rooks, and Merchants and Projectors Mad-men and Monkeys;* with Phylacteries of this sort was his Steed caparison'd. He had a Political Sword, forg'd by his own chimerical Imagination, the Pomel of which, as himself declar'd, was as big as the Cupulo of *St. Peters*, and on its flaming Blade, was engrav'd, in Letters of Gold, *The downfal of Liberty and Property, and the final Destruction of Tom Titts and Blobber-chops's.*

The Don and *Rosinante* being thus equip'd began their Journey, and the first Thing that encounter'd him was a Miller setting right the Sails of his Wind-Mill. Here he stopp'd, and with great solemnity cocking the Beaver of his Helmet, ask'd the honest Miller what he was doing? the Miller seeing a Person in that whimsical Garb, seem'd in no great hast to give him answer; but at last, vouchsaf'd to tell him, he was mending the Sails of his Mill. Friend, says the Don, if you will take my Advice, you shall become a Great Man, and make



a very considerable Fortune by your Mill. The Miller, tho' he expected no great Discovery from so chimerical a Gentleman, seem'd willing to be inform'd, and enquir'd the way? Why, replies the Don, by turning your Mill into an Engine to improve Cogitation. An Engine to improve Cogitation, says the Miller! pray, Sir, what may that be? Hold! there lies the Secret, replies *Politico*, are you convinc'd that your Mill is under a Siege? Under a Siege, and an Engine to improve Cogitation! By St. *Anthony*, says the Miller, I don't understand you. Understand me! Why you eternal Blobber-chaps, says *Politico*, do you think a Person of my Erudition speaks to be understood? I that have blotted so many Reams of Paper, with Reasons shewing the profundity of this Art, that have studied so many Years how to raise this Siege with Glory, and to march my Idea's by the vertue of *Political Fortification*, do ye think I am to be understood at last? No, Friend, there lies the Excellency of my Doctrine. I have made it my Business, indeed, to talk of it this ten Years in all Company, but I dare swear I am not yet understood by any Man living. And I dare swear never will, says the Miller, unless you deliver your self in more intelligible Terms. Intelligible Terms! replies *Piscator*,

tori, you everlasting Owl, do you know, that *Sat est in magnis voluisse*, is the most compleat System of Politick in the Universe? that, that Golden Saying is the Basis of this great Art, and serves for answer to all the Impertinent Querists of *Europe*. Look, ye Master, says the Miller, you may very well think I know nothing of this Gibberish you talk of, but if you can put me into a way how to make this Engine, say on, if not, don't deprive me of that which you can't give me.

Fair and softly, honest Miller, replies *Piscatori*, you must pay me first for what I have done for you. Pay you, by St. *Anthony's Ghost*, says the Miller, I had paid you very heartily long ago, but that I thought in my Conscience you were Mad. Mad! Worthy Sir, replies the Don, 'tis the greatest Panegyrick you can make of me: But as mad as I am, I can see your Mill under a Siege, and that there is no way to raise the Siege, but by making an Engine to improve Cogitation. Pray, Sir, says the Miller, what do you mean by an Engine to improve Cogitation, and how will that raise this Siege? By improving Cogitation, replies the Don, which is the sublime Art of making a Noise, you will plainly discover, that Fish are to be caught without Nets, cur'd without Salt, carry'd to Market without Boats, and

and Mens Wages paid without Mony : At the same rate; says the Miller, I suppose they may have a Belly full too, without eating. Without eating! replies the Don, you diminutive *Blobberchops*, you no-thinking *Animal*, a Fisherman's a Political Machine, that eats a Whale at a mouthful, drinks up an Ocean at a draught, and kicks the Globe as a Foot-ball. Stark mad, by this Light, replies the Miller, look ye Sir, I wou'd advise you, instead of Engines to improve Cogitation, and raise Sieges, you would get the favour of Dr. *Carus* to make you an Engine to improve your Understanding, and recover your Senses : So honest Cogitation farewell to you.

*Piscatori* was not at all dispirited with the little Impression he had made on the Miller, well knowing that his Business was rather making a Noise, than making of Profelytes, so went on, rumbling over his musty Idea's in quest of farther Adventures.



## C H A P. II.

**H**E had not travelled very far, before some unlucky Boys seeing so fantastick an Equipage, resolv'd to play him a Trick, and accordingly one of them very artificially convey'd a bunch of Nettles under his *Rosinante's* Tail, which proving no small addition to his Mettal, made him curvet and fling up his hind Leggs so furiously, that poor *Politico* was in no small danger of his Neck, and the Nation consequently upon the very brink of Ruin : But in this critical Conjunction, the Beast very judiciously let a swinging Fart, and blew away the Nettles which were the cause of his Pain. Thus all things being adjusted, and the Don safe in his Stirrups again, he began to reflect on the Accident, and was in great dispute with himself about the Sensibility of his *Rosinante*, who cou'd so ingenuously discharge himself of so great an Inconvenience, and sagely concluded that this Ratiocination of the Beast came very little short of *Political Fortification*.

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This Grand Point being fully discuss'd and agreed upon, the Don went jogging on, till he met with a Fellow making of Mouſe-traps, whom *Politico* accosted in his usual Stile of Address. The Fellow being one of those humourous Rascallions that love to trouble People with their Impertinence, very bluntly answer'd him, he was making of Pot-Guns. Pot-Guns, reply'd *Politico*, give me leave to tell you, Sir, if you have the right Art, 'tis a most noble Occupation: Art! returns the Fellow somewhat briskly, I'd have you to know, Sir, as mean as you think the Art, it was handed down to me in a right Line from the celebrated *Archimedes*, and I understand it in every particular. Sir, replies *Politico*, I perceive you are a most sublime Vertuoso, and as such I adore you. I have nothing now to accuse Fortune of, since at last she has given me an opportunity of discoursing with a Person of so extraordinary a Merit. Look ye Sir, continues *Piscatori*, if you will take my Advice, you shall raise your Art to the greatest height of Glory. I shall think myself extremely oblig'd to you, says the Vertuoso, and I could almost worship a Person who has such elevated Notions of Art. Art! replies *Politico*, gad take me Sir, Art is one of the most Sacred Things under the Sun, you

you see *Hippocrates*, that Miracle of a Man, sets it before even Life it self, *Ars Longa, Vita brevis*; what a pitiful short Epithet is there given to Life, in comparison of that *Longa of Ars*? I'd shew you, ye little *Ratcatchers*, the *longævity of Art*, the *sublimity of Art*, the *power of Art*, the *length, depth, and breadth of Art*: But that you have not Souls to defend a Hen-roost. The Virtuoso hearing him speak so contemptibly of *Ratcatchers*, began to tell him, that a Person of that Occupation might have a Genius as capable of improving Art, as one that made a greater Noise in the World; and took it very ill that he shou'd pretend to break his ridiculous Jest upon him.

The Don assur'd him he was far from making any Reflection upon so profound a Virtuoso; And that *Ratcatcher*, in the Sense he meant it, could be understood of nothing less than a Privy Councillor.

Thus all Things being accomodated again between the Don and the *Ratcatcher*, *Politico* went on. But to come to the Business, Sir, to the raising this noble Art we were speaking of, you must know, Sir, I propose to erect a College in this Kingdom, and to have Men of the best Capacities chosen



out of our Universities, to be made Fellows of this College, whose Business it shall be to awaken the Nation in this great Point of the Wind-Mill's being under a Siege. The Wind-Mill under a Siege! says the Vertuoso; yes Sir, continues the Don, and the Nation's lost if a way be not found out to raise the Siege. No doubt, replies the Vertuoso, but the Gentlemen you design to choose, will find out a way to do it. Nay Sir, says the Don, it will be Penal for any Fellow of that College to speak one Word of Sense, and yet nothing can preserve your Country but the Power of Thought. I must confess, says the Vertuoso, if the Nation is in Danger, I can't conceive how Noise and Ignorance will defend it? That's because you don't look deep enough into the Design, replies *Politico*; but I hope you will allow making of Speeches is able to preserve a Kingdom: And I intend it shall be part of the Business of the Fellows of this College, to make Learned Orations of Trade and Commerce. Another part, to dress up Liberty and Property in so charming and agreeable a Dress, that the People may run mad for the Love of it. A third part to draw Schemes of Defence  
and

and Support for their own Kingdom, and to pull down the Power of an aspiring Neighbour. This will be indeed to raise Art, replies the Virtuoso. This will be an Employment worthy our Great Men. But Sir, says *Politico*, if any Fellow of this College shall presume to speak one Word to the Purpose in all this, he shall be *ipso facto* depriv'd of all Benefits and Employments arising from the Premises. How! make Speeches of Trade and Commerce, and draw Schemes of Defence and Support, and not speak a Word to the Purpose, replies the Virtuoso, how is that possible? O! nothing more easie, says *Politico*, 'tis what you see done every Day: And 'tis impossible it should be otherwise, till two Forts in the Kingdom are demolished, as preliminary to this Grand Design. Forts to be demolished! replies the Virtuoso, do you propose to raise the Art of Thinking by demolishing of Forts? Yes Sir, says the Don, or you must be content to see the Ruin of your Country. There is no other way under the Sun to preserve it. But pray Sir, says the maker of *Mouse-traps*, how do you propose to make me serviceable in such a Design? Why there's the fineness of the Thought, the Politicality of the Art,

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says

says *Piscatori*. Look ye Sir, if you'll enagage to make me a hundred Thousand Pot-Guns, the Business is done. Will Pot-Guns raise Sieges? replies the Virtuoso: Yes Sir, says *Politico*; for you must know I have two hundred Thousand Idea's ready to make Political Pellets for 'em. Pray Sir, What may these Forts be call'd, replies the Virtuoso, that are to be batter'd down with Political Pellets? The Forts, says *Politico*, are call'd *Pride* and *Ignorance*, which Forts keep your whole Country in a slavish subjection, and unless they are beat down by the force of my Political Powder, your Country must inevitably fall a sacrifice. How comes it to pass, says the Virtuoso, that we never heard of the danger of these Forts before? I don't remember our Curate ever told us a Word of 'em, and to my Knowledge, he has been endeavouring to beat down the Pride and Ignorance of the *Whore of Babylon* these seven Years. Your Curate! replies the Don, in great Indignation, Gad take me, The Clergy of your whole Country are yet to learn Grace, your Counsellors Wisdom, and your Senate Understanding. There is not a Man in your whole Country can speak sense above



a *Monkey*. Look ye Sir, *Political Fortification* is the Law, the Gospel, and the only Felicity of this Kingdom; and I'll make the proudest Cardinal of 'em all glad to Preach a Sermon upon That Text. Hark ye, hark ye Sir, are you convinc'd that the Wind-Mill is under a Siege? and that there is no way to raise the Siege but by an Engine to improve Cogitation? The Virtuoso began to stare to hear *Piscatori* thunder out his Political Fustian at such a rate, and told him that his last Flight was above the level of his Understanding. You speak like a very Ingenious Gentleman, says the Don, and I assure you they are the most sublime Truths that ever were brought upon the Stage of the World. The Fellow by this time, tho' but a third rate Virtuoso, found by the Luxuriance of the Don's Gibberish, that the Moon had too great an Influence over his Understanding, and having had a plentiful share of the Diversion himself, thought it wou'd not be unacceptable if he should communicate the Pleasure to some of his Acquaintance, who were to meet that Evening; so told the Don, that even by his twi-light Reason he cou'd perceive him to be a Gentleman of a prodigious Capacity,  
but

but that the Nature of the Things of which he spake, were so far above the reach of his Understanding, that he wou'd beg the Favour of him to impart them to some Learned Men of his Acquaintance who were to meet that Evening. The Don readily embrac'd the Offer, enquir'd the Time and Place, and promis'd a punctual Observance: So taking leave of each other, ended the Confabulation of Don *Politico Piscatori* with the maker of *Mousetraps*.

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## C H A P. III.

**T**H E Don being now fill'd with the redundance of his own Incogitancy, march'd slowly on, ruminating on his last Adventure, and putting on a Grave and Judicious Countenance, (which the Learned affirm he always bore about him) began to think how he might best recommend himself to the Virtuoso's he was to meet in the Evening. So having open'd his Budget, trimm'd his Idea's, and brush'd up his Antiquated Tropes and Figures, sagely concluded that the whole World was too weak too withstand the force of his Gigantic Reason.

Whilst he was full of this elevation of Soul, he happen'd to spy an old batter'd *Curtezan* that had run the Gauntlope nine times through the *Society* for *Reformation*, and was now Bare-foot on the Road, as a Pennance for these Pleasures she had now lost the relish



lish of tasting. *Politico* mistaking her for a Princess, immediately left his *Rosinante*, and ran to adore her. ‘Madam, says he, behold at  
 ‘ your Feet your most passionate Admirer. O  
 ‘ Divine Princess! receive a Heart which  
 ‘ burns with a purer and more exalted Flame,  
 ‘ than the High-flying *Sol* (that Tory of  
 ‘ the Heavens) cou’d ever boast of, tho’ even  
 ‘ in the midst of his Ecclesiastical *Dog-Days*.  
 The *Curtizan*, notwithstanding his High-flights, perceiv’d that *Luna* had a greater Share than *Sol* in his Composition, and to get rid of him, told him, ‘If he would merit her Favour, he must revenge her of an Insolent Prince that had grossly abus’d her. The Don, who ask’d no more of Fate, than to convince his Peerless *Dulcinea* of the sincerity of his Affection, desir’d only his Name and Place of Abode, and doubted not but to give her Highness a very good Account of his Expedition, tho’ even the whole Kingdom lay at stake in the Attempt. She told him, his Name was *Chimera*, first Minister of State to *Brainsick* Emperor of the *Lower Lunarians*; That he pretended to a Power to cut off the Heads of all those who refus’d to own Cardinal *Whim* for the greatest Politician in the Universe, and that he threaten’d  
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to destroy their Country if they did not pay him a yearly Tribute of fifty Thousand Ant's Eggs, and subscribe themselves Fools, Ideots, and Mad-men, in the most renown'd Art of catching of Butter-flies. She promis'd him, if he wou'd destroy this powerful Giant, and bring her his Head, and thereby free the Nation from impending Ruin, she wou'd meet him the next Day, and regale him with a Collation on t'other side the Moon, at Nine a Clock precisely. *Politico* bow'd, in token of Obedience, took leave of his Princess, cock'd his Beaver *in Terrorem* and jogg'd on, imagining he cou'd never do too much for so Romantic a Mistress.

He had scarce rode a hundred Yards before he met with a stroling *Lunatic*, and did not doubt but this must be the Giant the Princess had so lately describ'd to him. He prepar'd therefore to rub up his long neglected Prowess, and to wield his Political Sword, in order to charge his Adversary, but seeing him a Foot, very generously alight from his *Rositante*, and presented his intrepid Countenance to the *Lunatic*, asking him if he knew any thing of *Political Fortification*? Yes, replies the *Lunatic*, she was a Fish-tail'd Hag, begot by an *Italian Monk* on the Body  
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of a *Sea-Cow*. That's a Lie, says *Politico*, she was the Daughter of a *Whale*. A Lie, replies the *Lunatic*, can Prince *Chimera* lie! Villain, your Head shall answer for the Impertinence and ill Manners of your Tongue. *Politico* enrag'd with this smart Repartee, let fly at him one of *Richlieu's Political Systems*, which had certainly over-set the *Lunatic*, but that he receiv'd it upon a Sheild of *Bentivoglio's Dissertations*, and gave the Don so warm a Charge with *Norris's Ideal World*, that he had infallibly sunk under the pressure of it, if he had not been reliev'd by a sturdy Volume of the same Authors, call'd *Reason and Faith*, which came in to his Assistance. Thus Victory perch'd sometimes on the Helmet of the *Don*, sometimes on that of the *Lunatic*. Whilst they thus continu'd Pelting each other, and the Ground all about them was cover'd with loads of Ammunition, here lay *The Rights of the Christian Church* expiring in its own Flames; there lay *Urim's Convocation Harangues* quite Speechless; on this side came *Drake's Works* whirling as thick as Hail, on that side *Rehearsals* pour'd down like Sheets of Snow; till at last grown weary of Canonading one another, they resolv'd upon a closer Engagement;



ment; so the *Lunatic* stepping back to his Hut, chose out one of the longest Straws he cou'd find, and began to push with it at the Seat of the Don's Understanding. *Politico* finding that he gave him so many home Thrusts, that his Intellects were in danger, thought it high Time to make use of his *Political Fortification*, so clapp'd a brace of Idea's into his Pot-Gun, which the *Lunatic* perceiving, betook himself to more substantial Ammunition, and with great dexterity shitting in his Hand, threw it in *Piscatori's* Face, just as he was going to discharge his Idea's: There's *Political Fortification* for you, says the *Lunatic*; then shrunk into his Straw, and bid him beware of the foul Feind.

The Don being sensible of so warm a Salutation cross the Nostrils, concluded that his Political Pellets had dash'd out the Giant's Brains: Therefore scraping it off with wonderful Precaution, he wrapp'd it up in one of his cleanest Systems, and resolved to make a Present of it to his incomparable *Dulcinea*. But reflecting that it was his Head which she requir'd, he look'd about him in order to take that also to grace his Triumphs, but not being able to find the Body, he concluded that *Liberty* and *Property*, in the Person of

a *Necromancer*, had convey'd it away to obscure the brightness of his Glory. He soon comforted himself for that Loss, when he reflected, that tho' the Head was gone, he had the Brains in his Pocket, rightly inferring that the Brain being the seat of all Cogitation, it was that which had projected so much Evil against his Princess and her Country, and that by Consequence that must prove the most welcome Present to her. Having by this Ratiocination appeas'd the Fury of his great Soul, he regain'd his prancing Steed, and began to think of his Appointment.

He soon reach'd the Place of Rendezvous, and enquiring for the Vertuoso, was joyfully introduc'd to the rest of the Company. They all admir'd the gravity of his Countenance, and the goodliness of his Person, and after the first Compliments and Salutations was over, the Don thus harangu'd them.

*Most*

*Most Noble Senators.*

‘ **T**IS with all the want of Assurance  
 ‘ imaginable, that I approach so august  
 ‘ an Assembly : And I have so just a diffidence  
 ‘ of my own Ability to say any thing to the  
 ‘ Purpose, that nothing but a Secret of this im-  
 ‘ portant Nature could have prevail’d with me  
 ‘ to have given you this Interruption !

‘ A Secret, I easily flatter my self you will  
 ‘ allow me to be most dear to thinking Men.

‘ A Secret, on which the preservation of  
 ‘ your Country, and all that’s valuable to your  
 ‘ selves, depends.

‘ A Secret, without which, even *Religion* it  
 ‘ self is but *Hypocrisie*, the *University* a *Great*  
 ‘ *Bedlam*, and the *Wisdom* of the Nation meer  
 ‘ Pageantry.

‘ A Secret, which alone is sufficient to raise  
 ‘ the Siege of the Wind-Mill, that hieroglyphi-  
 ‘ cal Machine of the Nation.

‘ A Secret, O ye *Romans* ! which opens to  
 ‘ your View the vastest Scene your Souls ever  
 ‘ saw.

‘ A



‘ A Secret, which restores to their full  
 ‘ Strength and vigour, decaying *Liberty*, *Pro-*  
 ‘ *perty*, and *Trade*; for what is *Liberty*, *Proper-*  
 ‘ *ty*, or *Trade*, till the Engine is found out to  
 ‘ improve Cogitation?

‘ A Secret, which beats down those hitherto  
 ‘ impregnable Forts, *Pride* and *Ignorance*.

‘ A Secret, which employs the Poor. A Se-  
 ‘ cret, which raises Sea-men. A Secret, which  
 ‘ not only enlarges, but revives the lost Spirit of  
 ‘ Navigation.

‘ A Secret of Secrets, in fine, a Secret which  
 ‘ was, is, and ever will be a Secret.

‘ Thus, Most renowned Senators, have I  
 ‘ disclosed to you a Secret of invaluable Estima-  
 ‘ tion.

‘ Thus have I shewn you how you may pre-  
 ‘ serve your sinking Country from the danger  
 ‘ she is in, and all at the small Price of one  
 ‘ Penny, for you and your Heirs for ever.

‘ Thus have I pav’d you a certain Road to  
 ‘ Glory, and convinc’d you, by Mathematical  
 ‘ Demonstration, how you may become the  
 ‘ most rising and puissant Nation under the  
 ‘ Sun.

*Dixi.*

By

By this Speech the Company were convinc'd of the Truth of the Virtuoso's Narration, and making a shew of being extreamly delighted and surpriz'd with the Discovery he had made, order'd their Speaker (who that Night happen'd to be Mr. *Codfish*, Secretary to the late Subscribers for a Fishery) to confer the Honour of Knighthood upon Don *Politico Piscatori*, for the great Discovery he had made, and the Service he had thereby rendred the Nation.

The Don bow'd in grateful Acknowledgment, and prepar'd to receive the Ceremony. So after a short Invocation of his *Tutelary Genii*, St. *Richlieu*, and St. *Maxarine*, the Secretary lighted the Memorial, and whisk'd it up and down under his Nostrils, the Clerk clapp'd the Occasional Bill all flaming to his Buttocks, which unluckily catching hold of the Don's Cargo of Politicks, he was very near being consum'd in his own Works but the Speaker coming in to his Assistance, quench'd all in a Gallon of burnt Brandy; then laying his Political Sword over his Princely Noddle, bid him rise up, Sir *Politic Buffoon*.

Thus

Thus ended the whole Ceremony, and it being late, the Company all parted, and gave Sir *Politic* this Assurance, That since the time of the famous *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, they had never met with so extraordinary a Person.



**F I N I S.**